

A WOMAN'S YES.

An Incident in the Love Affairs of Miss Bragg.

Miss Louise Bragg's social colleagues were fond of saying of her to one another and to strangers that she was a wonderfully clever young woman. This was meant in no qualified sense; it carried with it no contingencies; the distinction was positive. The fact of her cleverness stood prominently apart, and was a notable item in the general assets of her social set. It became one of the chief facts concerning her interesting personality, and frequently overshadowed less striking ones when she was being conversationally considered. She was of the slender, willowy type, tall as most men, and of a graceful, unconscious, unstudied fashion. Her face had straight, angular lines, and was not essentially pretty. When she smiled it revealed many surprising curves and subtle charms of expression. Wondrous power lay in her brown eyes, power under complete subjection of her will. Her hair was of the bright yellow tint of over-ripe wheat, the tint that somehow suggests artificiality. Little curling wisps defied the imprisonment of the dainty coiffure in which her tresses were fastened.

She was original and clever and, therefore, unconventional and Bohemian. Men she chose to regard in a humorous light, as rather amusing animals, charming under certain circumstances, but ordinarily dull and vulgar. At little social gatherings of her sex, her coming was always awaited as an event which would give breeziness and vigor to the conversation. She was not at all self-conscious, and she owned this. This was doubtless due to the heartless manner in which she rejected the lovers of a great many of her young lady friends.

Miss Bragg's love experiences had been numerous, but she had managed with her cleverness to give them variety. Every man she had ever known well had attempted to make love to her. She thought it very amusing, and her women friends agreed with her in this view when she told them of her experiences, omitting names. She was not without conscience in the matter, however, and contented herself with believing that all of her admirers would get over their weakness without permanent hurt.

A brief note from one of these admirers received one morning just as she was going out produced marked effect upon Miss Bragg. She gave up her intention to go out and sat down to read a second and a third time the very brief and conventional epistle. It was a very concise note from Mr. Philip Newman, asking her to walk with him in the afternoon.

These walks, it must be explained, formed one of Miss Bragg's characteristic social institutions. Besides being clever she was peculiar. She went walking with young men much oftener than she went driving or to the theater with them. Mr. Philip Newman had been one of the first young men to enjoy the pleasure of these walks, and the sight of him promenading with Miss Bragg had inspired countless other young men to aspire to the same privilege. But for three years, although she had walked often, Newman had not been her companion. She had seen him occasionally at balls, parties, the theater and elsewhere, but had had little communication with him. The day before receiving his note she had passed him on the street and he had bowed in a distant polite manner.

After reading the note the third time and vainly trying to comprehend its meaning she took from the cabinet, in which she kept all her letters, a letter in the same handwriting, and putting the two together, studied them. Though totally different in tone and apparent meaning she believed them to be of practically the same import. The first, written by Newman just after he had last walk together three years before, was a timid, half fearful proposal of marriage. It had a somewhat note of fear in it—fear that she would refuse. The last—just four lines—asked her to walk, nothing more. Yet, Miss Bragg's logic gave the two the same meaning.

"Well," said Miss Bragg, as she finished her note of acceptance, "the answer's the same to both letters—yes." Before it was a qualified, obscure yes—he didn't recognize in its disguise. This time it was like this—I'll make it plain for him."

She tore up what she had written, and penned in scrawling, careless characters: "Yes—Louise Bragg. I like that better," she said. She read Newman's note again, half smiling. "I wonder if this last phase in the evolution of Mr. Newman's feelings is as complete, as to me as the first," she speculated. "He's a man of moods, phases and periods. It's hard to make out the meaning of this last. It sounds like a last appeal. He is a human paradox."

Of all her love affairs, this was the most interesting to Miss Bragg. This was due to its novel history and to other reasons. Newman was a society man of a not remarkable mental caliber. He measured up to the average of his set. He was rather tall and handsome, with a face typically southern. What particular quality of his that drew her toward him, Miss Bragg herself could not say—but she was conscious of liking him. Their walk, as has been said, was a social institution, and their talks, while confidential, had never touched upon matrimonial topics.

her cabinet she fished out a package of letters she had received from him. She had not seen them since first receiving them, but now she read them with peculiar interest. In the package were three or four written while Newman was away on a business trip, others were written to her at mountain resorts, others still were nothing but more formal notes asking for an engagement—all breathed the spirit of love. She could understand his actions even less as she read them, which she did with marked eagerness. Out of the confused tangle of odds and ends that filled her cabinet she searched for letters in Newman's well known handwriting. The letters had been tossed promiscuously and hidden from view since.

A bright, crisp, new-looking envelope dropped from her fingers as she drew out a bundle, and, picking it up, she examined it curiously. As her glance fell upon it the blood left her face and her heart stood still. It was in her own handwriting addressed to Newman—her answer to his letter of three years ago.

As she sat there regarding it in bewilderment Mr. Newman's card was handed to her.

No traces of agitation were visible in Miss Bragg's manner when she smilingly greeted Newman a minute later. He nervously shook hands. Miss Bragg did not sit down. "I believe we are to walk," she said, as if the matter was of so little importance that she had almost forgotten. "Yes," he said, getting up hastily.

As they reached the sidewalk they stopped undecided which way to go. "It's a nice walk out in the vicinity of Jefferson Heights," Newman said, hesitatingly. "We used to walk there often, you remember." "Oh, no, not Jefferson Heights," she said, as if the place was not to be considered, "it's so stupid—I detest the place." She slowly set off in an opposite direction.

Newman walked silently beside her for a few moments. Presently he announced the discovery that it was a fine day for walking. Next he observed that the day was just like that on which they had taken their last walk together. This was followed by another and a longer pause, broke by Newman's question: "You remember what a fine day it was, Miss Bragg?" She made an effort to remember, knitting her brows and looking thoughtful. Utterly failing to recall it, she excused herself. "You see we walked together more than once and the days were always fine—I knew they were, because I wouldn't have gone otherwise. And then three years is too long to remember such a thing as the state of the weather."

After that Mr. Newman evaded the weather and that last walk as perilous topics. He talked about people, and had the air of a man who wanted badly to talk of something else. He grew nervous when Miss Bragg at last turned around and faced him. "The walk had grown to be dull," Miss Bragg said. Newman said at last, "I'm going to Europe in a few days, and there's something I want to ask you before I go. If your answer is what I hope it will be I will not go. Why did you not answer my letter three years ago?" Miss Bragg's face assumed the expression of one who has an unpleasant something to say. "Such letters are not easy to answer," she said. "One has to think before replying. I did write a letter to you, but I did not send it. I thought I would wait—I thought I could tell you better." "But you did not tell me," Newman burst out eagerly. "You did not ask me," she said, quite calmly. Newman looked flushed and disappointed. "What did you write me?" he asked as they walked on. "Can you guess?" she asked. His face showed his disappointment. "Oh, I guess I know what it was," he said, bitterly, "and it has caused me hours of anguish and pain, nights of sleepless unrest. Oh, Miss Bragg, you can't guess how much it has cost me. I have seen no pleasure, no peace, no rest. It will always be the same. You will pardon me for bothering you again, but I had hoped, after waiting three years and seeing that there was no other man, that you might change your answer. I could not go to Europe without asking you."

They walked along in silence. They were already within sight of Miss Bragg's home. At the door he stopped before her and asked, half imploringly: "Am I to accept your answer as final?" She nodded an affirmative. "My answer is final," she said. "Miss Bragg," he said, impulsively, "I can never forget you. I shall think of you constantly while I am abroad. I'm sorry to have caused you the pain of rejecting me a second time. Good-by."

He held out his hand and took hers in a strong grasp. "Good-by, Mr. Newman," she said. "I trust you will have a pleasant trip abroad." "Thank you," he said. "Good-by." He gave her a last look and turned to go. Mr. Newman, stop a moment," she called. He walked back to her, his honest face flushed with pain. "I am awfully sorry," she said. "Believe I esteem you highly and regret that this has occurred. Your letters—I want to return them. Wait a moment till I get them." "You may burn—," he started to say, but she was gone.

She found them just as she had left them in her cabinet. She picked them up and evened their ends so as to make a square bundle. She tied the package with a small satin ribbon. Her own letter lay on the cabinet. She picked it up and held it undecidedly for a moment. Impulsively she tucked it beneath the ribbon with the rest.

"I think you will find all of them here," she said, handing him the package. "And I happened to find my answer to your letter of three years ago. You were curious to know what I had written, so I put it in with your letters. Good-by."

They shook hands. "I will read it, even though it gives me pain," he said in a low tone.

He hurried down the walkway, the very image of an unhappy man. But the steamer for Europe that left a few days later did not number Mr. Newman among its passengers. He had read in Miss Bragg's answer a "woman's yes."—Robert L. Adamson, in Atlanta Constitution.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Fresh Steward—"Don't I get any tips, sir?" Saloon Passenger—"Perhaps; if a storm comes up."—Washington News.

—Teacher—"Now, in parsing this sentence, 'The poem was written,' what do you do with poem?" Johnnie—"Put it in the waste basket."—Inter Ocean.

—Mrs. Hicks—"The girl broke only one dish to-day." Hicks—"How did that happen?" Mrs. Hicks—"It was the only one left."—N. Y. Herald.

—My husband complains that I'm sending him to the poorhouse. "And mine would be when I send him to the bank,"—Munsey's Magazine.

—The Court—"What is the charge against this man?" Patrolman—"Resistin' an officer." "What were the circumstances?" "I asked 'im for a cigar, an' he told me to go to—,"—Detroit Tribune.

—Do you ever meet the Proboscis, who moved over here from Milwaukee?" asked the visitor. "Lord, no," answered the Chicago lady. "They ain't in society. They're dead rank outsiders."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Customer—"How many yards are in the piece?" Clerk—"This is a whole bolt; not a yard has been cut off, and there is not another piece of goods like it in the stock. It—," Customer—"Well, then you'll have to show me something else. I want enough for sleeves."—Inter Ocean.

—Jimmy (after they have fallen through the ice and been rescued). "John! we'd better run for home, or we'll catch cold." Johnny—"Don't you fret about that; ma'll lick us so, when we get there, we'll get warm enough."—Boston Traveller.

—"Won't you sing us something, James?" said the mother-in-law, who was paying the second visit to her daughter within a month. "Certainly," answered the son-in-law; "what shall I sing?" "Anything you like." Then James sat down at the piano and sang, "And the Cat Came Back."—N. Y. Press.

—I understand you play the play last night," said she. "No," replied the melancholy young man, "I was behind the woman with a high hat." "But you could at least sit comfortable and enjoy the music." "No, I was next to the man who spreads himself over three seats and keeps time with his feet."—Washington Star.

—New Father-in-Law—"Well, sir, the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter, I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up one night and find burglars in the house?" Bridegroom—"I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give me a wedding dowry, and they'd go away."—The Bits.

—An English Methodist paper says a womanizing preacher recently prayed that the Lord would "annihilate the queen and all the royal family." When he learned afterward what "annihilate" meant he was greatly distressed. "I dearly love the queen," he said, "and I thought she deserved the longest word I could get hold of."—N. Y. Tribune.

—As soon as a woman marries it is believed that she never again longs for any social amusement. A young married woman was skating on the river to-day, and there was a great deal of indignation because she was not at home setting yeast for the bread or making ashly. Some of the unmarried women who were indignant were a great deal older than the married culprit. —Atchison Globe.

—Had Seen Better Days.—"This parrot, ma'am," said the dealer, "is one that I can recommend. It was in the family of a clergyman many years." "Well, gents, what'll ye have? Name your piece!" exclaimed the parrot with startling emphasis. "He was obliged to part with it," the dealer continued, "and for the last year or two it has belonged to the alderman from our ward."—Chicago Tribune.

"POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC."

Benjamin Franklin's First Introduction to

It was "Poor Richard's Almanac," which first made Franklin famous, and it was out of the mouth of Poor Richard that Franklin spoke most effectively to his fellow-countrymen. He had noticed that the almanac was often the only book in many houses, and he therefore "filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man to want to act always honestly, as to use here one of those proverbs 'It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.' By these pithy, pregnant, and easily remembered sayings, he hoped to be of service in the long winter evenings, Franklin taught Americans to be thrifty, to be forehanded, and to look for help only from themselves. The rest of the almanac was also interesting, especially the playful prefaces; for Franklin was the first of our humorists, and to this day he has not been surpassed in his own line. The best of the proverbs—not original, all of them, but all sent forth freshened and sharpened by Franklin's shrewd wit—he assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction." Thus compacted, the scattered counsels sped up and down the Atlantic coast, being copied into all the newspapers. The wise "Speech of Father Abraham" also traveled across the ocean and was reprinted in England as a broadside to be stuck up in houses for daily guidance. It was twice translated into French—being probably the first essay by an American author which had a circulation outside the domains of our language. It has been issued since in German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Dutch, Portuguese, Gaelic and Greek. Without question it is what it has been called—"the most famous piece of literature the colonies ever produced."—Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

Hard to Please.

Mrs. Riverside Park—So you are going to leave?

Bridget Dolan—Yes mum.

"Well, I am surprised, considering that I've been doing more than half of your work."

"That's so, mum, but you didn't do it to me satisfaction."—Texas Siftings.

A Good Match.

Little Ethel—I don't like to marry George Sweet 'en he grows up.

Mother—You like him, do you?

Little Ethel—No, not much; but he's just as fond of chocolate as I am.

Good News.

THE PREACHER'S WIFE.

A Newspaper Man's Visit to an Arcadian Home in Missouri.

The Interesting Story of a Lady Who Had Lived for Thirty Years in the Shadow of a Husband's Sin.

—Hale Old Age Recalls a Dark Memory.

(From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.) "Yes, I ought to be happy in this little parsonage, but I am not. I have lived for thirty years in the shadow of a husband's sin, and the forest trees that loom up so grandly on our hillside, but in the shadow of death. For years I saw the sun go down behind the western hills, and as I retired for the night I added to the prayer, which it has been the custom of my dear husband and myself to utter together, the old, sweet, the trustful invocation of childhood, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.' I never gazed upon the orb at its task behind the hills without the haunting fear that it was for the last time."

The speaker was Mrs. S. S. Ballaine, the wife of Rev. S. S. Ballaine, of Horine Station, Jefferson County, Mo. Mrs. Ballaine has for many years led the life of an invalid to whom the dreary sunsets might come at any moment, until a kind providence threw in her way the remedy that has restored her health, her vigor, one would almost say, her youth. Her recovery is unsurpassed in the history of medical science and should be repeated in every paper and publication in the land that others suffering with the same terrible affliction might profit by the experience of Mrs. Ballaine and be saved.

A correspondent of the Globe Democrat determined to start the good work and called at the Ballaine home, believing that the story would be of far greater value and interest if told in the lady's own words. "My story," said she, "is a simple one of suffering and relief. I have had a disease of the heart from which few ever recover, and from which I never expected to escape. It was in 1864 that I first made acquaintance with it. I had risen and lighted a fire, feeling in normal health, when I suddenly became unconscious. I knew no more until I recovered my senses in bed. They told me that I was in the face, and that when first picked up no motion of the heart was perceptible. About six years ago I was attacked with a variety of afflictions, such as short breath, extreme weakness, fainting spells, and most annoying of all, a burning, irritating nettle rash, that at times rendered me almost frantic, and as you can readily understand, seriously aggravated my heart trouble. I had settled down to contemplate the end, and such was my suffering that, wicked as it was, I sometimes prayed for it, when one day glancing over a religious paper published in Missouri, I read the testimony of a lady whose case was much like mine, and who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Having seen similar accounts in other reputable papers, I resolved to try them. It was a heaven-sent resolution. The first box had a most miraculous effect. The nettle rash disappeared as if by magic, and my trouble yielded to the medicine like the snow yields to the spring sun. I feel better to-day than I have for twenty years. I can not say too much about my wonderful condition. My blood is now rich, my appetite is good, my nerves are steady, I sleep soundly and wake up refreshed to the duties of my life. I am now out of fatigue and perform all the manifold duties of the farmer's wife, and surely my mind is as clear as the spring sun when I answer to all these conditions."

Newspaper editors usually prevent publication in the news columns of anything that might be construed as an advertisement, and thus much valuable knowledge is suppressed that might prove of incalculable benefit to thousands. The praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sung throughout the land. They should be in the hands of the household, the school, the nation, and the newspapers should unite in making them so.

Specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuritis, neuralgia, rheumatism, and all the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness, resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price. (20 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$2.50)—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ontario.

LAVERETTES ART REVIVED.

Character Reading from the Lines and Features of the Face.

The latest social amusement is character reading from the face. A girl with just the right kind of eyes might be able to do almost as deadly work with it as with palmistry. Of course the new science in all its completeness is intricate and occult and all the rest of it, but a few general principles have been deduced which may interest the multitude. The eyebrows, for instance, that jut downward on to the roof of the nose indicate that their owner is capable of subterfuge, and if not counterbalanced by a large share of conscientiousness the person is likely to be a rest of it. If the corners lie far back, it denotes intellectuality. If the eyes are deeply set in the head, the owner of them is shrewd and keenly observant. If those little lines you have in the forehead between the eyes number two, you are a lover of justice; if three or four, you are benevolent and wise; if only one, you are strict in small matters. If the bridge of your nose is thin, then you are quick to part with your money; if it is thick, you are greedy and avaricious, still if at the same time your lower lip be full and ruddy you are only avaricious in order to have plenty to give away to those you love. If your upper lip rises and shows your teeth, you are erratic and easily frightened. If the bridge of your nose is thin, then you are quick to part with your money; if it is thick, you are greedy and avaricious, still if at the same time your lower lip be full and ruddy you are only avaricious in order to have plenty to give away to those you love. If your upper lip rises and shows your teeth, you are erratic and easily frightened. If the bridge of your nose is thin, then you are quick to part with your money; if it is thick, you are greedy and avaricious, still if at the same time your lower lip be full and ruddy you are only avaricious in order to have plenty to give away to those you love. If your upper lip rises and shows your teeth, you are erratic and easily frightened. If the bridge of your nose is thin, then you are quick to part with your money; if it is thick, you are greedy and avaricious, still if at the same time your lower lip be full and ruddy you are only avaricious in order to have plenty to give away to those you love.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1904.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 4 40 4 50

COTTON—Midland..... 13 10 13 15

FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 2 40 2 45

WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 60 1/2 61 1/2

CORN—No. 2..... 42 1/2 43 1/2

COY.—Western Mixed..... 12 1/2 13 1/2

PORK—New Mess..... 13 75 14 00

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Midland..... 13 10 13 15

BEEVES—Shipping Steers..... 4 15 4 20

HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 5 50 5 60

SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 3 50 3 60

FLOUR—No. 2 Red..... 2 40 2 45

WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter..... 60 1/2 61 1/2

CORN—No. 2..... 42 1/2 43 1/2

COY.—No. 2..... 12 1/2 13 1/2

TOBACCO—No. 1..... 14 00 14 10

HAIR—Clear..... 10 00 10 10

BUTTER—Choice Dairy..... 17 00 17 10

EGGS—Fresh..... 12 1/2 12 3/4

BACON—Clear Ribs..... 7 00 7 10

LARD—Prime Steam..... 7 00 7 10

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping..... 3 50 3 55

HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 5 40 5 50

SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 3 30 3 40

FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 2 35 2 40

WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..... 58 1/2 59 1/2

CORN—No. 2..... 40 1/2 41 1/2

COY.—No. 2..... 12 1/2 13 1/2

OATS—No. 2..... 10 1/2 10 3/4

WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..... 58 1/2 59 1/2

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COY.—No. 2..... 12 1/2 13 1/2

BACON—Clear Ribs..... 7 00 7 10

COTTON—Midland..... 13 10 13 15

—Capt. Daniel Pratt Mannix, of the marine corps, who died in Washington recently, was in charge of the detachment of marines on the monitor Sauter that guarded the conspirators and John Wilkes Booth's body until they were removed to the Washington arsenal.

His Toss of Hay Per Acre. [K] That is seldom reached, but when Salzer's Extra Grass Mixtures are sown this is possible. Over fifty kinds of grass and clover sorts. Largest growers of farm seeds in the world. Alsike Clover is the hardest; Crimson Clover is the quickest growing; Alfalfa Clover is the best fertilizing clover, while Salzer's Extra Grass Mixtures make the best meadows in the world.

If you will cut this out and send it with 14c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive eleven packages grass and clover sorts and his mammoth farm seed catalogue full of good things for the farmer, the gardener and the citizen. [K]

SALESMAN—"Stove pellet? Certainly. What kind do you want, little girl?" Juvenile Customer (nonplussed for a moment)—"I've heard mamma say stove pellets was the only thing that would put a good thing on a stove. Got any?"

Did You See It? Of course we mean the World's Fair. Whether you did or not you want to preserve a souvenir of the most beautiful scene this earth has witnessed.

The Michigan Central "The Niagara Falls Route" is issuing the finest and most complete World's Fair Guide, containing reproductions of sixteen splendid photographs of large size. The series will consist of sixteen parts, followed by a special part devoted to Niagara Falls, Mackinac Island and other gems of American scenery, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 10c.

Address FRANK J. BRUMHALL, Advertising Agent, Michigan Central, 402 Monmouth St., Chicago, Ill.

OLD PHYSICIAN—"Now, in a case like this, where the patient is inclined to hysteria, would you bring him tongue or—," Young Student—"No, I would listen to it, I think."—Inter Ocean.

South at Half Rates. On March 28 and April 9, 1904, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad will sell tickets for their regular trains to principal points in the south at one single fare for the round trip. These excursion rates take in the principal cities and towns in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, West Florida and Mississippi. Tickets will be good to return within twenty days, and will be on sale at St. Louis, Evansville, Louisville and Cincinnati on above dates. Through cars from these cities to principal points south. Ask your ticket agent for particulars. Rush your tickets from your station, write to C. P. ARNONE, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky.

"Why are you so anxious to let me be hair restorer?" said Mr. Baldy to his barber. "Because there's no money in hair-cutting for us with bald heads as yours around," said the barber.

An Important Difference. To make it apparent to thousands who think themselves all that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, and a condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

TEACHER (after reading the excuse)—"So your three days' absence from school was on account of your vaccination—was it, Bessie?" Bessie—"No, but I had to walk on crutches."

100 World's Fair Photos for \$1. These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—10 pictures comprising each part. The entire set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar sent to GEO. H. HEAFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., and the portfolio of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers.

Remittance should be made by draft, money order, or registered letter.

REASON—"What is reason?" asked the teacher from Boston, of the smallest boy in the class. "It's what my daddy never has for kickin' me," was the candid reply.—Detroit Free Press.

MISFORTUNE is a faithful teacher, but it was not of his last lesson that very promptly. —C. Faith, Maudslayi, 25 cents a box.

Too many crooks spoil the brotherhood of man.—Puck.

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